The Freeman is an Independent Weekly Newspaper which bravely tells the Truth without fear or favor. It is published in the interests of the Negro, and is Fearless tn the Advocacy of his Rights,

THE FREEMAN.

A divisio
sential to the ultimate solu of the Race Problem. : : It should divide, however, on questions which involve Principles.

Pub Library
INDIANAPOLIS AUG 4 1888 PUBLIC LIBRARY

VOL. I.—NO. 4. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888. TERMS: {$2.00 per Year. 5 Cents per Copy.

BOSTON until very recently had a very bad pre-eminence in the matter of youthful criminals, her Jesse Pomeroy being the youngest murderer ever sent to prison in the country. Kentucky, however, has come to the rescue of the club and relieved it from some portion of its disgrace by sharing it. To the penitentiary at Frankfort there was sent last week a little fellow only 11 years old convicted of murdering his little sister. The sentence is for life, but it is to be hoped in the interests of humanity that the State of Kentucky will be moved by this terrible spectacle of a baby serving a life sentence to make some better provision than it now has for the care and reformation of youthful wrongdoers.

INDIANA had 208,367 enlistments during the war. The 6th, 7th and 9th Regiments Indiana Volunteers participated in the first engagement of the war—at Phillipi, Va., and the 34th Regiment participated in the last battle of the war—at Palmetto Ranch, Texas, May 13, 1865. Indiana was the first Northern State invaded by organized Rebel forces. This took place at Newburg, Warrick county, July 18, 1862. The Union hospital was captured and the town pillaged. The first Rebel General killed was Robert S. Garrett, from a bullet discharged by a member of the 7th Ind. Vols. The first State system for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers through regularly organized military agencies was planned and established by Governor Morton, of Indiana. Taking it altogether, Indianians need not be ashamed of being called Hoosiers.

THE terrible poisoning of rivers and streams, by dumping into them the garbage of cities and large towns, has become so serious that some device is sought to avoid the danger, and the need of incurring the danger. Several European cities have carried sewerage and garbage to public fields, to be utilized on a systematic plan. The latest device is to cremate the garbage in furnaces specially constructed for that purpose. Chicago has inaugurated the plan from dire necessity. England has largely put the plan in practice, and is well satisfied. Forty-five English towns are already using furnaces, The Chicago furnace disposes of fifty tons a day. Dr. J. M. Keating, of Memphis, says, "There is no real safety but by cremation:" and he is sure that Yankee ingenuity, now on the right track, will furnish the best and cheapest furnace. It is evident to casual observers that our streams must not any longer suffer pollution. Epidemics of the worst sort may be expected from such a source.

IN the list of deaths from poisoning in Great Britain—511 in a single year—ninety-five, over one-sixth, were caused by lead. The people of all civilized countries are in need of special caution concerning the use of lead. Lead pipes, lead faucets, lead solder, and in many other forms, lead is a subtle and terrible danger. Thousands suffer from lead poisoning who do not die thereby. It should never be used, when by corrosion it can become an element in food or drink. The symptoms are so easily laid to other causes that it can do serious mischief before its presence is suspected. Its use in red precipitate as a solder on pipes is specially dangerous. Next to lead, the cases of poison most numerous were from opium, then from carbolic acid. Belladonna and alcohol, aconite; chlorodyne and hydrochloric acid follow in the list with nearly equal pace. For suicidal purpose carbolic acid was used in forty-two cases, morphine, opium and laudanum in forty-one. The fashion in suicide is very variable.

COMMENT AND CLIPPING.

The Future of the Colored Race.

The future of the colored race in the United States depends, in a great measure upon their own efforts. It has already been demonstrated that the colored man has the natural abilities and mental capacity to make a useful and honored citizen and become an important factor in the development and growth of our National prosperity and greatness. Now, the question is, will the colored people cultivate those virtues and principles which refine and broaden their minds, purify and ennoble their hearts, and establish them upon the most sure and solid basis of civilization and enlightment? They must be able to distinguish, and choose the good from the bad influences of civilization to practice the virtues and avoid the vices of the "superior race;" to assert and maintain an independence and probity of character which will merit the commendation of friends and command the respect of all; to secure all the blessings of modern civilization, cast off the superstitions and debasing characteristics of an inferior social condition, and transforming themselves into manly, honorable, worthy citizens, broad and liberal in their polical views, patriotic and unselfish in their devotion to the cause of right and justice and seeking to promote the most friendly relation and harmony between the races; doing all in their power to unify the sentiments, objects and aims of their race for the general advancement and progress of the whole country, and tolerating the widest differences in religion and politics. Their motto should be, literally and practically, "Do unto others what we would have others do unto us." A strict observance of this policy would soon place the colored race above the attacks of prejudice, cement the bonds of fraternal feeling between the races, increase the opportunities for the future success of the colored race in all that tends to make a people noble in mind and great in influence, and lay the foundation for a Christian civilization and enlightened philanthropy that would eventually transform the "Dark Continent" into a great and powerful Christian Nation.—Cynic in Knoxville World.

A Favorite Hymn.

A favorite hymn of the Negro race is, "You may have all the world, but give me Jesus." While it is good to have Jesus, it is no harm to have a few acres of land and a neatly painted cottage. We urge our people to get land; if you can not buy city property, go out on the suburbs and buy you a lot. The city will come to you after a while.—San Francisco "Observer."

The Cuban Giants, that peerless Negro base ball club, is playing ball from victory to victory.

Like Their Old Masters.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, condidate for the Presidency by the Prohibitionist's is reported in an interview to have said:

"Our strength in the South comes from all classes, black and white, except the uneducated Negroes. The latter class seem to think that one of the boons conferred on them by Abraham Lincoln was to drink like their old masters.—People's Advocate.

The free whisky plank in the Republican platform will probably do much toward keeping illiterates of all classes in the Republican traces.

There are two drug stores in Pine Bluff, Ark., owned and operated by colored men, Rowland and Price, and Bryant and Smith.

The Senate recently passed a bill appropriating $1,000,000, to reimburse the depositors of the Freedman's Saving and Trust Company.

Mr. H. C. Bruce, of Washinton, a brother of ex-Senator B. K. Bruce, and Miss Mamie P. Gee, of Hiland, Kan., were married last Wednesday. Mr. Bruce is a Republican, but holds a first class clerkship under Cleveland's administration.

The annual convention of the National Colored Press association will open next Wednesday, at Nashville, Tenn.

Talk about the suppression of the colored vote in the South! How about National Chairman Quay sending his henchmen to Indianapolis to run an independent political convention of colored men?—Philadelphia Sentinel.

SOME ODD THINGS.

A citizen of Canton, Miss., drives a pair of pet bears in a buggy.

Grand Island, Neb., has a citizen 73 years old who is just now through with his attack of whooping cough.

Santa Armado, a lad about 16 years old, on Wednesday a week ago caught a 154-pound tarpon with a hook and line out in the river opposite Fort Myers, Fla.

One of the quaint characters in Portland, Me., the other evening, was Benjamin Fuller, a Pittston farmer, who has read books two hours a day for forty years, and has a bigger library in his head than any man in Maine.

At Brunswick, Ga., a man named Tilton had an alligator that was being fed on ice cream. Mr. Tilton neglected to give his pet the usual amount of cream one day last week, and the next morning the reptile was dead.

Cretone of the cheap sort, used for decorating rooms, turns out to be as arsenically poisonous as green wall-paper. Out of forty-four samples recently examined in London none were free from arsenic. The greens and blues were the least harmful, while reds, browns, and blacks were heavily loaded with the poison.

A few days ago a notice was sent from the interior department calling upon a party in Bronson, Fla., to pay 3 cents for an excess of two-hundredths of an acre of land included in his homestead entry. As the notice was sent by registered mail, costing 12 cents, Uncle Sam is out on this collection,

The dugong, a species of whale taken in large numbers at Queensland, has probably furnished the slender basis of fact upon which the mermaid and merman stories are founded. It is about eight to twenty feet in length, lives upon submarine beds of seaweed, breathes by means of lungs, has a humanlike head, with hair resembling a man's beard. The flesh of the animal is eaten, and is said to have the flavor of beef, veal, or bacon, according to the part of the body from which the meat is taken. Its oil has all the medicinal qualities of cod liver oil without the disagreeable taste and smell of the latter.

THE BUTTERFLY GIRL.

And so I never had a heart
  Save a butterfly one in my breast?
A heart too shallow to answer your own
  Though close to your own it was pressed?

Ah! So do men judge us, dear,
  As butterfly-hearted things;
If only to make our lives less drear
  We borrow the butterfly wings.

Have you ever known a jest
  To hide a deep heart-throb?
Have you ever known an idle laugh
  To smother down a sob?

A heartless speech oft hides
  A heart full to the brim;
Coquetish lowering of the lids
  May curtain eyes grown dim.

Shallow, indifferent, cold—
  So you have judged me, dear,
Unable to understand the love
  You gave me, just last year.

But when with an angel's eyes
  You read these earthly things,
You'll see I had a faithful heart,
  If I did wear butterfly wings.

And maybe—my dear, my dear!—
  Up in the land of light,
When God's fair dawn has shaken hands
  With earth's evanished night,

Something may shine at your feet
  In the pure pathway of pearl,
And perhaps you may care to find waiting you there
  The heart of your butterfly girl.

A CURIOUS CASE.

During the first three years of my career as a detective I had some singular jobs given me to work on, and the manner in which one of them was worked and the developments of the case may interest the reader.

About three miles outside the limits of a large city in Pennsylvania stood a large farmhouse. There had been a murder committed there, and whisky had played havoc with an heir, and the house had stood vacant for three years before I saw it. The farm has passed into the hands of a New Yorker on a mortgage, and he seemed to have forgotten all about it. Naturally the cry of "haunted house" was raised, and presently you could not have hired a neighbor to enter the house in the daytime. There were people living within a quarter of a mile of the place, and by-and-by they began to tell some queer stories. On two occasions parties of three or four went out from the city to stop in the house all night, but in each instance they were driven away by strange noises before midnight. I lived in a town forty miles from the haunted house, and consequently heard nothing of it.

I had a case against an absconding treasurer. He had the funds of a large and prosperous lodge in his hands, and got away with $3,000 belonging to it. He furthermore borrowed about $2,000 of his friends, and got $800 on a forged draft. This occurred in a town about thirty miles from the haunted house. The defaulter had bought a railroad ticket for Chicago, and left behind him, as if by accident, a parcel addressed to a party in the Garden City. It ought to have been reasoned that this party was he under another name, and that he had gone to Chicago as fast as steam could carry him, but I reasoned just the opposite. He had gone without his trunk or clothing, but when I came to overhaul his things his landlady figured out that two clean shirts, several collars, a stout pair of boots and an old suit of clothes were missing from the house. The boots and old suit had belonged to a boarder who died months before.

There were three highways leading out of the town. I worked two of them without success. On the third I soon found a farmer who had seen a foot traveler resembling my man pass on the evening he had absconded. Five mile farther on I became positive of his idenitity. He walked all that night, with only two brief halts before midnight to inquire about roads; but once on his trail I soon picked up plenty of pointers. The abscender's name was Kelly, and he was a keen, shrewd fellow. He had planned the embezzlement and escape weeks ahead, and he followed out a regular programme. He left town dressed as a laborer, and carrying a valise. He had a light felt hat, a black felt hat and a cap, and about once in ten miles he exchanged his headgear. He was a smooth-faced man, but had provided himself with a goatee and side whiskers. I thus heard of him once as a smooth-faced young man wearing a cap and having one arm in a sling; next as a youngish man with a goatee and a black hat; again as a full-whiskered man with a light hat. I confess that I was badly puzzled and about to despair, when I came to a farmhouse where he had stopped for dinner. He was then smooth-faced and wore a cap, and claimed to be an agent for a windmill company whose rights had been infringed on and who were taking steps to collect royalty.

When Kelly entered the kitchen for dinner a hired boy of color, who was not permitted to eat with the family, was left in the sitting room. His curiosity regarding the contents of the valise was aroused, and he picked the lock and over-hauled them. He was careful not to say anything of this to the family, but when I came along on my errand I soon discovered that he had a secret. The sight of a silver piece loosed his tongue, and he told me of the hats and false whiskers. After that I had no trouble in following Kelly, no matter which disguise he assumed. There was a direct highway from the town he left to the city with he haunted house, but he did not keep it. He would branch off here and there and make a half circle to come back again. One or two nights he slept in barns, and so I lost track of him for a few hours. On one occasion his feet became sore and he lay by at a tavern for two days, and then I actually got ahead of him.

While the towns were only thirty miles apart, Kelly traveled all of 100 miles in making the distance, and was twelve days about it. I followed him mile by mile, and owing to a severe storm was thirteen days. I traced him into the suburbs of the city and there lost him, and though I had the help of three or four local officers, we could get no further trace of him. At length we heard of a person a hundred miles away who bore Kelly's description and I was about to start after him when I overheard the following conversation in a restaurant:

"So the boys that went to the haunted house got a scare?"

"An awful scare. I guess a new ghost has taken possession."

"What did they see or hear?"

"Saw doors open and heard groans and various other noises,"

"Well, it's funny."

"Yes."

It may seem strange to you that I at once decided that I had located Kelly again. It was quite probable that he known of the haunted house for years, as its fame was widespread, and the fact of a new ghost showing up just at this time made me suspicious. That night at ten o'clock, accompanied by a local detective, I visited the place. It was a rambling big farmhouse, situated twenty rods from the highway, and the ground around was grown up to weeds and bushes. All the windows were broken and some of the doors stood open, and a more gloomy place I never saw. We entered by a rear door and found the floor rotting away and the plastering crumbling off. We pushed on to the sitting room, where the young men had stationed themselves the night before, and here found some blocks of wood to sit down on. There was a doorway leading into the front hall, but the door was gone. There was a doorway to the parlor, and this was partly open. As we looked into the parlor I swung the door to and fro, and knew from the movement that the hinges had been freshly oiled.

When we came to inspect the cellar we found little but cobwebs and dust. Each of us had a lantern and each inspected for himself. At one corner of the cellar I found an old oyster can in a queer position. It seemed to be sticking to the floor above, but after a close examination, without, however, touching it with my hands, I made up my mind that it was held there by a cord. I said nothing to my companion about this, nor about another discovery made in the front hall. At one spot, where the plaster was off from base to ceiling, I caught sight of a wire behind the laths. This led up and down and the lower end was probably attached to some object. We did not go up stairs. The front stairs had never been finished and the back ones were so dilapidated that we hesitated to test them with our weight. By eleven o'clock we had taken our seats in the sitting room, eyes and ears alert and ready for any emergency. There was no lock or catch on the door opening into the parlor, but it was shut. The two windows looking out of the room had been boarded up. We placed our lanterns in a corner, and as we watched and waited the room was in a semi-darkness and the house was still as death.

It must have been near midnight when the performance opened. We suddenly heard faint notes of music and the sounds lasted for two or three minutes. I was satisfied the sounds came from a jewsharp. My companion whispered that two female voices were singing, while a guitar played an accompaniament. The music had scarcely died away when the parlor door opened as noiselessly as the swing of a coffin lid. I was perfectly satisfied that it was the work of human hands, but I was startled. I had not told the detective that I expected to find Kelly in the house. I had simply said that I expected to make an important discovery. When the door swung open the man started up in alarm and whispered:

"Great heavens! Let us be gone!"

I put my hand on his arm and waited for the next move. In about a quarter of a minute we heard a tunk! tunk! tunk! on the cellar stairs. I knew that the sound was made by the oyster can being lowered a few inches from the floor and drawn up again by the string, but my companion rose to his feet, wheeled half around and whispered:

"Look out for yourself! The cussed thing is coming up out of the cellar!".

"Keep still—listen!" I replied, and when the can had "tunked" one for each step the sound ceased. Then the parlor door slowly and quietly swung to. As I have told you, I was dead sure that all these things were caused by human agency, and yet I felt a creeping of my flesh, and my forehead was damp with perspiration. The detective with me was as brave a man as ever took up a trail, but such was the effect upon him that his face was as white as snow, his teeth chattered, and he clutched me and pleadingly exclaimed:

"If we stay here another minute we are both dead men!"

I sat down and drew him beside me, and as I did so the parlor door opened again, and from the front hall came groans and sighs and dull sounds of a struggle. I knew that the wire I had seen was being worked behind the laths, but my companion could stand no more. He seized both lanterns and started out, and I had to go along or be left in the dark. When clear of the house he made a run for the highway, and I found him on the further side of it when I came up.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Good God, man, but my nerves are all gone!" he gasped. "I wouldn't stop in that house another five minutes for all the money in the State!"

I was satisfied that all the noises had been made by human agency. Some one had taken possession of the house, and I had a feeling that it was Kelly. It was just in line with his other sharp tricks. I did not tell my companion what I suspected nor what I intended to do, but I had all my plans laid before morning. The old house was two and a half stories, and whoever was hiding there was likely to be in the garret. It was also likely that this garret was reached from the second story by a ladder. If the person was Kelly or any other sharp fellow, the ladder would be drawn up, or any one showing his head above the scuttle would receive a rap. If I got a squad of men and surrounded the house the occupant might get off by some unknown way, or find a hiding place unknown to us. If we failed to find any one, the whole city would hold us up to ridicule.

There was no window in the garret at the back end of the house. It was hardly daylight before I approached from that direction, entered the place with great caution, and hid myself away beneath the kitchen stairs. I expected the occupant would come down before noon, but he did not show up. It was a dark and gloomy day in the fall, with frequent rain squalls, and about two o'clock in the afternoon I crept up stairs in my stocking feet, entered a room near where the garret scuttle was located, and began playing the ghost for some one else's benefit. I had brought along a mouth organ, and I sounded and hung on to a few lonesome notes several times over. Pretty soon I heard a slight movement overhead. Then I took a fiddle string, made one end fast to a nail, and when I had hauled taut I picked the string with my thumb nail. I sent forth complaining sounds, and added a few sighs and groans. The sounds above me became plainer, and I knew that some one was listening at the scuttle.

I gave him a few more notes, scratched on the floor and wall, and in a few minutes a ladder was thrust down from the scuttle. A few deep drawn groans on my part brought a man down the ladder, and as he reached the foot of it I collared him. It was Kelly. He who had played ghost on others had himself fallen into the trap. He screamed right out at sight of me, and he did not get his nerve back until I had him outdoors. He fully believed for the time that a spirit made the sounds. The case was as I had figured. He had planned to come to the house, and he intended to remain there several weeks. He had affixed cords to the top of the parlor door to swing it, and had arranged for all the sounds we heard. If I felt elated he felt very sheepish as an offset, and when sentenced to two years in State Prison for his crime he said to me:

"It isn't that I was caught, but that I was outwitted and bamboozled. Why, man, I had that whole plan in my head for months, and I'd have bet a hundred to one that I'd get safe off. Just think what a fool I was to take up quarters in a haunted house and then let some one play the ghost on me!"

CONDIMENTS.

Did it ever occur to you that in groggy weather the halyards are always tight when the sails get full?

An exchange asks, "Do dogs talk?" Well, we've often seen, in shipping intelligence, barks spoken.

DRUGGIST'S PROFITS

Anything Less Than Five Hundred Per Cent. Considered Small.

Chicago Herald.

"Five grains of tannic acid in four ounces of distilled water," demanded one of the Herald readers of a corner druggist, the other day. The customer, who had occasion to use the astringent wash called for, had brought his own bottle along.

"How much?" he asked, after the solution had been put up.

"Twenty-five cents," said the druggist, unblushingly. The customer stood for a moment, then he paid, and went out and took his lunch at a dairy shop instead of Charlie Kern's place. This was necessary, because his wife keeps tab on his pocket money and Liebotshaner beer is ten cents a glass.

Retail druggists pay 30 cents per ounce for tannic acid and 40 cents per gallon for distilled water, if they don't make the latter themselves. Hence the ingredients asked for cost the soda fountain man 1 5-16 cents—1 cent for the water and the balance for the constituent part of the solution. In charging 25 cents the druggist made a fraction over 1,900 per cent. profit, which beats the plumber. The chances are that if the customer had presented a physician's prescription instead of the verbal order he would have been charged 50 cents, 25 per cent. of which would have gone to the prescribing doctor at the monthly settlement.

The little incident explains why down town druggists can afford to pay such exorbitant rents as are asked for locations like those on the corners of Madison and State and Madison and Clark streets. The latter stand, upon a lease now about expired, cost $12,000; the former stand—a room 20 by 16 feet—not less than $18,000.

There are many remedies asked for by suffering humanity and paid for at a rate that would make a pawnbroker, with his paltry 120 per cent. rate of interest, turn green with envy. Chemicals are sold at apothecaries' weight—one pound of twelve ounces, the ounce to eight drachms, the drachm to three scruples, and a scruple of twenty grains. Hence there are 5,760 grains in a pound. The reader is perhaps aware of the beneficial effects of bromide of potassium.

He is apt to call at his druggist's the morning after a "session" for a dose of bromide "in his'n." He is charged 25 cents—by the way, there seems to be nothing cheaper than a quarter in a drug store - of which amount 10 cents is for the bromide and 15 cents for the benzine. The retail druggist pays 75 cents for a pound of bromide, hence 10 cents for the usual dose—3 grains—means more than 1,000 per cent. profit for the druggist, the cost to the latter for the 3 grains being not quite 1.28 part of a cent.

The sober man's stomach may "get out of gear" as well as the toper's. He is apt to call for a quinine pill or two. These pills are usually purchased ready made by the druggist. They are sugar-coated and generally of a grain apiece. The retail druggist would pay about 75 cents per ounce for quinine. The wholesale manufacturer has it for about half that price. The pills retail at the rate of a cent apiece, but many druggists charge twice that amount. The average dose is three grains, for which ten cents is charged. Five grains wouldn't cost any more, but many people hesitate to take that much "at a lick." Now, 10 cents for three grains means nearly 500 per cent. Verily, the plumber could learn from the druggist.

Humors of the Campaign.

We suppose the ballot girls will vote for Mrs. Belva Ann Lockwood.—San Francisco Alta.

Jake Pugsley eloquently insists that every hair of every sheep in the United States ought to be protected—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some politicians whose statements won't always wash now avoid that unpleasant contingency by putting plenty of lye in them.

The Mills bill puts bibles on the free list. Doubtless that's the reason Bob Ingersoll thinks it will ruin the country.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

If it be true that William Walter Phelps has resolved not to have his bangs cut until Blaine is elected president, Mr. Phelps will soon be able to join the seven Sutherland sisters as a brother.—New York Evening Sun.

An Ivigorating Bath.

A remedy for tender feet is cold water, about two quarts, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, one tablespoonful of bay rum. Sit with the feet immersed for ten minutes and gently throwing the water over them upward to the knee. Then rub dry with a crash towel and all the tired feeling is gone. This recipe is good for a sponge bath also.

The English government owns Trinidad and its asphalt beds. The United States imports 50,000 pounds per year. It costs the owners $5 a ton, and they sell it for $25.

THE FREEMAN.

THE FREEMAN is a newspaper in the interest of the colored race. It is published every Saturday at 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communications should be directed.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year..........$2.00
One copy, six months..........$1.00
Invariably in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Rates of advertising made known on application at the office.

THE colored voters are beginning to look the issues of this campaign squarely in the face. They want to know the issues before they vote.

THE Freeman is rapidly winning the name of being the newsiest and most popular colored newspaper in Indiana. Over two hundred new names were added to its subscription list in the last ten days.

THE colored man will reach the full hight of his citizenship and the full statue of his manhood in this country when he gains the respect and confidence of the people among whom he lives. The good will of Republicans or Democrats alone will not suffice, but the good will of any and all political parties.

THERE is an absence of race pride and moral stamina in the tone of the colored press since the opening of the present campaign. The colored journals seem to be working under the lash and after the favors of their political masters. The few able independent ones have fallen back into line and we hear nothing now but politics and abuse. Discriminations against the Negro are still numerous. Civil rights are still denied him and until this damnable prejudice is wiped out the independent colored newspaper which follows the dictates of no political party is a downright necessity.

THE colored vote in Indiana is 12,931, and the last Republican majority was 6,636. It can be seen from these figures that the Negro is easy the balance of power in this State. Still he holds no elective office above that of constable. He had no representation at the National Convention at Chicago last. Are the colored people satisfied to hold the Republican party in power and share none of the fruits of victory? Can the debt of gratitude never be paid? If so, when? How much longer are the colored voters expected to do the voting and be rewarded with promises? These questions may seem impertinent but we would like to know.

The Republican State Convention will meet next Wednesday, to nominate a State ticket, and although the Republicans would not have a ghost of a show in electing their ticket without the Negro vote, still we will wager that not a thought will be given to his demand for recognition. Why? Because the "Negroes are all right" anyway. Do the Republicans ever nominate a ticket without putting an Irishman or a German upon it? And why? Because these people will kick and vote the other ticket. But the Negro is so good, so obedient, so grateful that he is willing to always do the voting and let his "masters" hold the office. We do not wonder that the Republicans do not do more. The Negroes do not ask for it.

THE moral cowardice of the colored leaders (?) is happily illustrated by the attention which they gave to the conference recently held in this city. For fear of smirching their loyalty to the Republican cause or jeopardizing their prospects for place and boodle, they gave the conference a wide berth. Such cowardice can not be condemned too strongly. The colored newspapers, too, with few exceptions, basing their authority on the lies sent out for the purpose, designated the conference as a mercenary concern. Why didn't they investigate the matter? The fact is, they were afraid of displeasing their political masters and traduced and maligned their brethren because they had not the courage and moral stamina to do otherwise. The men who called the convention had a right to do so, and they also had a right to respectful and courteous treatment from men of their own race. The conference had its wrangles, as has all other conferences. The great M. E. Conference at New York had several fights, the Chicago convention had five knockdowns, and everybody remembers the hippodrome with which the A. M. E. Conference edified the people of this city. The fact is, the average Negro is too big a coward to accept new truths and follow the real leaders of the race. He prefers to grope among the dead issues of the past and worship idols. He refuses to listen to the tenets of a new faith lest he incurs the frown of his political masters. Bah! what poltroons!

Affectionately Remembered.

Time.

Ed (entering club): Old Smith is a beast.

Al: Indeed?

Ed: He said he'd remember me in his will.

Al: Well?

Ed: I heard the will read yesterday, and in the codicil was this line: "I wish to be distinctly remembered to my friend, Mr. Edward Smith."

SAM PATCH.

The Once Celebrated Jumper--His First and Last Leaps

A grizzled old farmer named William P. Brown was in town the other day, says a Middletown letter to the New York Times, and fell to giving reminiscences of Paterson as he remembered the place sixty years ago. "I was born on Manhattan island," he said, "when all the upper part was nothing but farm lands, and I went to work in a cotton-spinning factory in Paterson as sweeper and errand boy when I was 11 years old. Paterson was a small afair too, but one of the owners was Sam Patch, who afterward became famous as a high jumper. I saw him make his first big jump at Passaic falls.

"The story of the jump is this: Sam Patch and a man named Brannigan were partners in the factory and they failed in business. Sam was a Cape Cod man by birth and had been a sailor from a boy up till he came to Paterson. He was a daring and reckless fellow and could swim like a duck. It was said that while he was a sailor he often exhibited his skill and daring by jumping from the high masts of ships into the sea. After the failure Sam Patch hung around Paterson with nothing to do until he was pretty hard up. Then, I suppose, the thought occurred to him that he could make a raise by jumping off the rocks at Passaic falls. So notice was given that at a certain day and hour Sam Patch would jump off the cliff at the falls into the river below, a distance of about eighty feet, for a purse of $50, made up by some of the sports of the town. Few people believed that he would make the jump, but there was a big crowd on hand to see it all the same.

"Sam came to the falls stripped to his undershirt and drawers. He showed no fear or nervousness, but his face was flushed, as I thought, by drink. He took a couple of small stones in his hands and went to the brink of the cliff and dropped them off one after the other, and watched where they struck the water down below. Then he walked back a few yards and turned and took a little run to the brink of the cliff and jumped off, clearing the rocks about ten feet. He went down feet first, but with his body inclining considerably to one side, and in this shape he struck the water and disappeared. A few seconds later his head bobbed up at a point down stream, and he began paddling for the shore. Then the crowd gave him a big cheer.

"Sam's jump at the Passaic falls was considered a marvelous feat in those days and made him famous the country over. So he took to jumping for money from the masts of ships and from bridges and other high places, and went about the country giving exhibitions. Unfortunately for him, too, he took up another practice that soon cut his career short. I didn't see him make his last jump at the Genesee falls, at Rochester, Nov. 13, 1829, but, but those who did see the tragedy tell me that when he approached the brink to make the leap of 125 feet into the seething pool below he was dazed and unsteady from drink. He made the jump so bungingly that he struck the water flatwise instead of feet first, the concussion crushing in his breast and sending his dead body to the bottom like a stone."

That 1840 Campaign.

An interview with an old resident:

The Democrats got up all sorts of stories against Harrison. During the campaign Harrison went around and showed himself on the platform but he didn't make any speeches. He would bow and tell the people, 'My friends will speak for me.' One of the things the Democrats raised against Gen. Harrison was that he was an old granny. They used to rig up paddles in petticoats, puts caps on their heads and call them 'Harrison.' Some of the Democrats would fasten petticoats to the chimneys of their houses, and some would put them up in high trees and then rub tar on the trunks of the trees, so that the Whigs couldn't climb up to take them down. Those were hot times."

The old man shook his head as he declared there had never been a campaign since that of 1840 to compare with it.

"In those days," he continued, "Kentucky was a great Whig State, and thousands of Kentuckians used to come up into Ohio to celebrate. They came by the canal, and the Democrats living along the canal did all they could to aggravate them. They used to take long ropes and fasten them to high trees, so that the petticoat grannies would hang over and the canal boats would have to pass under. Many a time I've seen the Whigs ruin their clothes climbing the tar-covered trees to take down the petticoats. I recollect one old woman, Mrs. Kaiser, who stood out with a shot gun by the canal, and declared she'd shoot anybody who tried to take the petticoat down from her chimney. But we got around her, took the shotgun away from her, and brought the petticoat down. Old John Ezel and four other men lay beside a tree with their guns, and swore a petticoat they had put up shouldn't come down. A delegation of 500 Whigs came along, going up to Dayton, and they took that petticoat out of the tree in two minutes. Johnny and his men wouldn't have lived if they had tried to stop 'em. The women were worse than the men. Many a time I've seen 'em run out of their houses, as the canal packet loaded with Whigs was going by, and shake their petticoats and scream, 'Ah, petticoat grannies!'

"There was great rivalry between Kentucky and Ohio as to which would give General Harrison the biggest vote. They got up a bet. If Kentucky gave the most Harrisen vote all Kentucky was to be invited to a free dinner by Ohio. If Ohio won Kentucky was to give Ohio the dinner. Kentucky won and the dinner was given at Dayton. I remember it well, for I was marshal of the day. We gave a free dinner to 40,000 people that day. And then Harrison went to Washington and was murdered."

Uncle Tommy stopped a moment, and then, as if antisipating any expression of incredulity, he added: "There is no doubt in the world Harrison was poisoned by the secessionists, the same as Zachary Taylor was—old Rough and Ready."

The old man got up from his bench, 'lowed it was mail time and started for the postoffice.

ATTACKED BY SQUIRRELS.

A Remarkable Battle Between a Man and an Army of Them.

Youth's Companion.

Many incidents are narrated of weasels attacking, savagely biting and sometimes even killing human beings. But squirrels are regarded as more timid and harmless animals, yet the following anecdote illustrates that they, under certain circumstances, may become formidable antagonists. Colonel J. L. Culbertson, of Edwardsport, Ind., tells it as a story of his experience about the year 1854, the time of the great migration of squirrels from the East to the West.

He was a young man then, and one day took his rifle, and went about a mile from town to hunt. He was going through the woods when he met the army of squirrels. They became so thick around him and seemed so fearless that he stood in amazement.

Finally he struck one with a stick. The squirrel uttered a sharp squeal, and instantly myriads of squirrels from all directions rushed to the defense of their associate and attacked Mr. Culbertson, who kicked them off and clubbed them with his gun. They climbed up his legs, jumped upon his back and on top of his head.

He fought desperately, but the more he succeeded in hurting them the louder the chattering and screaming around him became, which only brought greater numbers of the infuriated little animals to the attack. They bit his legs and arms and gashed his face and neck, and lacerated his hands, fairly scrambling over each other in their fierce assault.

He dropped his gun and retreated as fast as he could, fighting desperately as he went. Blood streamed down his face and neck and hands. They bit him through the ears, and held on until they actually tore their hold loose.

He got out of the woods, and still scores followed him and clung to him until they were pulled off by the clerk and others in a store into which young Culbertson rushed for assistance. Some of the friends who helped to pull off the squirrels, and who saw him come into town literally beset with them, still reside at Edwardsport.

His friends washed his wounds and staid the flow of blood which trickled down his legs and gushed from his face and neck, and with good care and attention he slowly recovered.

Points on Cake Baking.

Daughters of America.

Do not attempt to make cake without complete control of the fire. Thin cakes require a hotter fire than thick ones. The oven should be the right heat to begin with and not be allowed to cool while the cake is in it or it will certainly be heavy. Cake made with molasses burns more easily than any other. Thin cake should bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. Thicker loaves from thirty to forty minutes; very thick cake one hour in an oven in which you can hold your hand to count moderately twenty-five and not be able to add a minute to that number. Fruit cake requires two or three hours. Divide the baking into quarters. The first quarter, it should simply rise; second quarter, continue to rise and brown; the third quarter, grow a uniform golden brown; fourth settle a little, brown in the cracks and cleave from the pan If. a cake rises in the middle, stays up and cracks open, it is mixed too stiff. When "new process" flour is used take one-eight less than any recipe calls for.

Pope Leo's Presents.

London Special.

The Pope has not got rid of the endless collection of jubilee gifts which cost him so much trouble. All ecclesiastical ornaments and trappings generally have been sent off to gladden the hearts of the poor priests all over the world whose churches are in need of repairing. Many valuable things have been sold and go to increase the fortune of the church. Two sorts of presents the holy father has not yet disposed of are wine and slippers, the first of which forms a total of 200,000 bottles, and will probably be given to the hospitals. But it is difficult to see what will become of the slippers. There are 30,000 pairs, which are certain to be on his Holiness's hands, as they are such slippers as only the Pope can wear, and cannot be given away.

About six men control the shipping of oranges from Florida. One of them clears $40,000 a year.

JEFF DAVIS AND HIS WIFE.

Story of the Man Who Helped Them in Their Elopement.

Prairie du Chien (Wis.) cor. Chicago Tribune.

When the Jesuit missionaries carried their little boats across the divide at Portage and floated them again on the clear water of the Wisconsin River, they had for their aim the establishment of new missions in the valley of the Mississippi. Father Hennepin found no place on the Upper Mississippi so advantageous for the founding of a mission as where the Wisconsin River flows into the Mississippi, and there, with the aid of the friendly Winnebagoes, he established a place of worship.

In 1826 Fort Crawford was established at this point by the Government, and Colonel Zachary Taylor was placed in command. The ruins of Fort Crawford are situated on a rise of ground just south of Prairie du Chien. There are yet a few men in Wisconsin who remember President Taylor and his garrison at the fort, as well as the pompous Jeff Davis, then a young officer in subordinate command. "Uncle" Green, as he is known here, is one of the few men of that sort left. He said to-day: "I am sorry that the flag staff at the fort has been cut down. That seemed to be the only thing that never changed, for it stood there just the same as it used to when young Jeff Davis pulled the stars and stripes to the very top and stood and watched the flag as the wind caught in its folds. But that time was many years ago, and there have been many changes. Did I know Jeff Davis? Well, I should always rather think of him as I knew him then. He was a dashing young officer, inclined to be overbearing in his ways, never deigning to look at those he thought beneath him in social position or rank. He was a gallant lover, and it was no wonder that the beautiful daughter of Colonel Taylor fell in love with him here. She was a romantic young creature, as I remember her, and was the one bright and refining influence thrown around the rough camp life. Oh, yes, she worshipped young Davis. But her father, grim old warrior that he was, could not tolerate Jeff Davis, and when he saw that his daughter was continually unhappy unless in the company of the young officer he determined on separating them, and accordingly sent his daughter to a convent in Baton Rouge. His dislike of Davis grew into a positive hatred, and much unpleasantness was the result. In a few days after the departure of the daughter Davis presented him with a document which required his signature. It was an order from General Wayne granting a furlough to Davis. The wary old Colonel saw through the ruse in a moment, and at first refused to sign the order, but could not well persist in this insubordination or he would be guilty of contempt. The order had come from his superior officer, and he must sign it, and, with a black scowl on his face he affixed his signature to the official document. Jeff was now free for thirty days, and he lost no time in hastening to Baton Rouge to join his sweetheart. Colonel Taylor was a man of great determination, as he afterward showed in the Mexican War and in the Presidential chair. He dispatched his swiftest messengers to bring his daughter home by a circuitous route, and thus thwart the young officer, who was hurrying to meet her. The girl was brought back to the parental roof, and, after spending a greater part of his furlough in St Louis, Davis returned to Fort Crawford. Old Colonel Taylor could fight the Indians, and would rather have met a whole tribe than contend with the domestic troubles that now assailed him. He had built a log house just outside the stockade, and here his fair daughter strained her beautiful eyes as she watched the surface of the river for the coming of her lover. After the return of Davis to Fort Crawford the coolness which had hitherto existed between himself and Colonel Taylor grew more frigid. The young woman pined away in the seclusion of the log hut, and the young officer who was to play such an important part in American history bided the time when he might take his intended from her father's roof stealthily and in the night.

"You see, it happened this way: My name is George Green, and I am eighty years old, if I live until next November. It was about 1834 or near that time, when I, with a number of others, went up the Mississippi River to view the Falls of St Anthony. We left the steamer where St. Paul now is and went over the falls, remaining so long that when we returned the boat was gone. Nothing remained for us to do but to buy a large canoe from the Indians, which we did, and floated down the river to Fort Crawford. At the time there was a slough separating the few houses which constituted the village from the trading port and the fort on the bank of the river. I thought I might make some money by using the canoe as a ferry-boat across this slough, and bought out the interest of my partners. I accordingly established my ferry, and Jeff Davis was one of my patrons. I did not like his pompous ways, for when he paid his passage he always threw the money into my hand as though he was throwing money to a beggar. One day he came to me and asked me if I could safely row two persons across the river, and I replied that I could. Shortly after he came again and seemed to be somewhat excited as he asked me to be on hand that evening with my canoe. He was more gracious in his manner and gave me money as a guarantee of good faith. I did not know then that I was to be a party to an elopement or I might have objected to doing a wrong action against Colonel Taylor, for whom I had the highest regard. It came about, however, that I was at the slough after the sun went down, and waited patiently for the young officer. I had waited some hours when I heard footsteps, and turning, I saw Jeff Davis and Colonel Taylor's daughter hurrying toward me. Not a word was spoken as he lifted her tenderly to a seat in the canoe; and I followed, taking up my paddle. We went down the slough to where it joined the river. The young woman began to cry softly as we swept into the stream, and Jeff drew her head over on his shoulder as he spoke to her in a soothing voice. Across the river we drifted, and the sound of my paddle could not be heard a furlong away. Not a loud word was spoken in that silent voyage, and I was at a loss to understand the whole affair. We kept on across the river, and every few moments I took occasion to glance around to see how my passengers were getting along. The girl had ceased her crying, and by the way she rested her head on the bosom of the young lieutenant, I somehow became convinced that she was not altogether unhappy. We landed on the opposite shore below the island, and I waited with some interest to see what would happen next. Presently I saw three men emerge from the thick underbrush some distance from the river bank, and Jeff Davis put some money in my hand and told me to return. I learned afterward that one of these three men who came up on the river bank was a priest, but I never found out who the others were, and neither did I ascertain the name of the priest. Before I had reached the place in the slough where I moored my canoe I heard the noise of a river steamer coming down from St. Paul. She halted below the island in the middle of the stream, for I distinctly heard the engines reverse and knew that Jeff Davis and his bride were about to pass down the Mississippi to the South. The next day I watched closely for a glimpse of Colonel Taylor, but the old soldier was too circumspect in his actions to betray any anxiety. I was informed that Davis took the young woman from an upper window in the log-cabin, and with the assistance of the Chaplain was enable to get her beyond the picket lines unobserved. There was no doubt that the Chaplain was on the other side of the river to witness the marriage, and that he conveyed to Colonel Taylor the news of the elopement.

"I was away from Fort Crawford for some time after this episode, and heard no more about it. It is, however, a matter of history that Colonel Taylor was never wholly reconciled to the marriage.

"It is stated that after the battle of Buena Vista Taylor visited Jeff Davis as he lay wounded in his tent, and extended his hand to him, although there was no further reconciliation. Davis had undoubtedly won the battle with the Mississippi Rifles, and Taylor could not fail to recognize such gallantry.

"Time and again I have heard this story of mine called a falsehood, but it is true, and I am ready to stand by it."

The Leper Village of Hawaii.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The leper village is on the island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian archipelago. On this island are a number of precipitous peaks. and at the base of one of these, which is 3,000 feet high, lie the Kalaupapa plains, stretching seaward, and wholly without communication with the rest of the island, except by sea, as the wall of rock stretches on either side to the water's edge. To this plain, thus isolated by nature, all lepers are banished as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. This settlement was formed by order of the King in 1866, for it was found that in spite of the stringent commands to secure the isolation of individual cases, these could not be carried out while the lepers were allowed to live with their families and friends. Outside of the fact that the lepers are debarred from any direct communication with non-infected persons, no restriction is laid upon them. Their village, which has usually an average of about eight hundred inhabitants, has its churches, schools and stores, as other villages have, and also government offices. The government provides all with shelter, necessary clothing, and daily rations of good food; for all luxuries they must depend upon their own resources or upon the generosity of friends. Medicine and the attendance of a physician are provided by the government, which also appropriates $20,000 a year, a certain proportion of which is to be given for every case of actual cure in the case of a leper. All officials on the island are lepers; the teachers and the ministers, with the exception of a Roman Catholic priest, are lepers. These unfortunates employ themselves in many ways; have a band of music and a military drill. There is a large hospital, kept in admirable condition, in which the more advanced and more serious cases are cared for. The lepers of the Sandwich Islands are not "lepers white as snow." Their disease is the Chinese leprosy, in which the flesh becomes discolored and decays.

Never unavoidably wound the feelings of a human being.

HUNTING FOR PANTHER.

A Day's Exciting Sport in the Fastnesses of Bald Mountain.

Ashville, N. C. Letter to Baltimore American:

A large party left the hotel for Bald Mountain the other afternoon in search of panther. Their path lay through several thick ravines and along several dangerous precipices. Once or twice the hind wheels of the provision wagon slid off the track, and but for a convenient rock must have gone down into the valley, nearly 1,000 feet below.

The steep, up hill traveling prevented us from gaining the top of the peak until nearly five o'clock. Then we had to hustle to get our camp in order before nightfall. As the darkness came on we built a huge fire directly in front of the camp to keep off unwelcome visitors. Each one took a turn at guard duty, this being thought necessary, as the panthers at this season are painfully thin, and fire will not always keep them off.

Their peculiar screech was heard all night, and to the uninitiated it is something awful, but the hunters were not disturbed. One of the party, a clever young physician, cooked breakfast next morning, which, to put it mildly, was eaten with a ravenous appetite. All had on buckskin suits, and each carried a Winchester rifle of the newest design.

Everything being in readiness by eight o'clock, the hunt began, the camp and horses being left in the charge of a servant armed with a rifle. It took some little while to strike a trail, which was found to lead to a bank of rocks in the densest part of the mountain. Between two of the largest boulders was seen an opening probably three feet in diameter. The earth about the entrance to the cave was fairly covered with panther tracks.

We waited awhile, hardly knowing what to do, when suddenly a head appeared in the entrance to the cave—a head which resembled a tiger or leopard's head. It belonged to a panther. The eyes flashed fire and a low growl made us all tremble. It may be said right here that it's no fun for a man who has lived all his life in a big city like Baltimore to be placed in such a position. But as he was in such a position he had to make the most of it. The clever young physician ordered the dogs to attack the enemy, but they, of course, refused. Then he leveled his rifle and fired, but the panther backed into his lair just as the trigger was pulled. There was no fun in firing into the cave; means had to be devised to get the beast out. First, a piece of raw meat was placed in front of the opening; but this failed to fetch him; Next a few stones were thrown inside to aggravate him, or rather her, as it happened to be the mother of three cubs. One of the stones must have struck the cubs, as the old one came bounding out and stood defiantly in the entrance. One of the dogs, more courageous than the rest, advanced cautiously toward the beast. In an instant the panther had him in her claws. The idea of the hunters was to provoke the beast to a fight, but now that the dog was in danger we were all ordered to fire, and at the same time cautioned not to hit the dog. This was easy enough as the poor dog lay under the panther, whose body almost covered him. Of the four shots fired only one, that of the doctor, took effect. The ball entered just behind one of the ears, and the beast fell dead. The dog was little the worse from the encounter, and soon became himself again. Whether the mate of the beast just killed was inside the cave was a question we discussed for a short time. We wanted the cubs, but how to get them was a puzzle. No one would volunteer to crawl into the cave, and the dogs could not be gotten within ten feet of the rocks.

Finally it was decided to prod the cave with a long pole. A young pine near by was soon leveled and stripped of its foliage. Just as it was gotten ready a rustling of some dead leaves to the right of the cave was heard, and the next instant a head was seen protruding from the thicket. It was the mate. Without orders our rifles were leveled, and bang! bang! resounded through the woods. Such shooting! Not one of us had hit it. He disappeared in the thicket, and in a few moments afterward was seen scampering over the clearing near the top of the mountain. It was useless to give chase, as he could slip us in a hundred different ways. Assured that the cubs were unprotected, one of the party (not the writer) was induced to approach the entrance to the cave and try to prod out the cubs, if there were really any in there. He first used a good sized branch, but finding this not long enough, he tried a young sapling with more success. The pole just reached to the back of the cave, and there the little devils, three in number, were huddled together. One by one they were gotten out, dragged rather than walked, as they could not have been over a few weeks old. As there were only three cubs and four hunters we drew lots to see who should get them. The young physician, the best hunter in the party, the man who done the most to get the cubs, lost.

Idyls of the Household.

Detroit Free Press.

"Bridget," says the mistress of the new hired girl, "you can go now and put the mackerel in soak."

"Sure, ma'am, are ye rejuced to that?" asked Bridget sympathetically.

THE FREEMAN.

INDIANAPOLIS, AUG. 4, 1888.

CITY NEWS.

Oh! for a good rain.

The Union railway station is nearing completion.

The Masons will picnic at the Exposition grounds on the 23d.

The local colored militia will take part in the State encampment at Evansville.

The circulation of The Freeman is growing rapidly. Now is the time to subscribe.

Mrs. Brown, of Home avenue, who has been on the sick list for some time, is convalescent.

Charles Baughman was a delegate to the Congressional convention which met at Shelbyvillee, Wednesday.

Edward Griffin has opened a neat resort at 162 Indiana avenue. It is conveniently located and he carries a good stock.

We are about to have an excellent street car service. The net result of the street railway will be the people's good.

The Trust gas company is extending its pipes rapidly, and will have a large number of consumers. Now is the time to subscribe.

Miss Sadie Stapp will purchase the interest of C. C. Rogers in the market house stall, and Mr. R., will drive a supply wagon in the future. They are said to be doing well.

A number of improvements are being made in the postal service. Six new carriers were appointed this week, and the districts are all being rearranged with a view of facilitating the delivery of mail. An addition is to be built on the south of the present post office building and it is certain that Indianapolis will by and by have a postal service which will compare favorably with her metropolitan sisters.

POLITICAL PICKUPS.

The Freeman has a donation for the first "W. W. Walden Club" organized.

Alfred Harrison addressed a large crowd last Wednesday evening at Springdale exchange.

Col. A. A. Jones has been invited to deliver an address before the Protective League of St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 16, '88.

Alfred Harrison, one of the ablest colored speakers in Indiana will take the stump for Cleveland and Thurman at an early date.

Every colored club should endorse Walden as its standard bearer for, the legislature. Separate the colored Democrats are making near accessions daily.

The Freemans' "kickers column" caused a great deal of "tall kicking" this week. The Freeman is the peoples paper, so if you want to get the news subscribe for it.

The Twilight Glee Club is the name of a new musical organization in the East end composed of Jas. Moore, Will Hously, Bud Dean, and Henry Merryweather. It is under the instruction of A. Harrison and already it can make the welkin ring.

Considerable digust is expressed by leading Republicans at the conduct of a so called Republican paper, which claiming to be in the interest of that party is doing all in its power to create disaffection in the Republican ranks.

At the last accounts neither The World nor The Argus had been placed on the pay roll of the Republican State Committee. The rivalry is waxing hot and both papers may be placed on the rolls with reduced "wages. Talk about working for principles, bah!

PERSONAL MENTION.

Captain J. H. Thomas is at Acton.

Mr. James E. Barber has returned from Brazil.

Wm. Russell is annoyed with an acute attack of rheumatism.

Prof. Henry Hart and daughter, Myrtle, are at Turkey Lake.

Miss Daisy Hart is spending a few weeks in Richmond, Ind.

Miss Smith, of Greencastle, is visiting friends at No. 41 Newman street.

S. B. Gipson, the Adonis of Philadelphia society, was in town last week.

Miss Ada Underwood, of Xenia, O., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt.

Mrs. Annie Scott and daughter, Lucy, of Paris, Ky., are visiting in the city.

Mrs. Katy T. Francis has gone on a visit to Chicago, and from there to St. Paul.

Mrs. Eliza Brown, No. 624 Home avenue, has been very low for two weeks.

Mrs. Malinda Carter, No. 647 East Seventh street, after a protracted illness, is improving.

Mrs. Odd Booker has applied for a divorce from G. W. Booker on the ground of failure to provide.

Mrs. Emeline Bridges, of No. 41 Newman street, has gone on a visit to her old home in Charleston.

Chris. J. Perry, the brilliant and sprightly editor of the Philadelphia Tribune, was in attendance at the conference last week.

The ubiquitous George Temple, of minstrel fame, has returned to the city. This time, however, with the "greatest show on earth," Temple & McCloud's minstrels. Rah for George!

Mr. Adam Motley, of East Market street, has just been allowed a pension of $1,300. He feels grateful to the present administration for the pension which a Republican administration refused to allow him.

PROGRESSIVE MEN OF THE RACE IN THIS CITY.

There are few cities in this country, with the colored population of this city, which can boast of more progressive colored men. Indianapolis takes a front rank in this regard. The colored men share the thrift and enterprise of their white brethren, and they are solving the race problem in a way which redounds to the credit of the race as well as to themselves. The Freeman, as a race paper, proposes to show its readers what the race is doing, not only in the political, but in the material, the educational and the social world as well.

Rich'd Griffin is clerking at Kelleher's hat store.

W. H. Tyler is still clerk and stock-keeper at the Model.

Captain J. H. Thomas will attend the encampment at Evansville, Aug. 16.

Two colored letter carriers will be appointed at an early date, we learn from good authority.

Mr. Willis Bryant is bookkeeper and general agent for Harry Crossland & Co.'s wholesale house.

C. R. Biggs, our colored constable is making a "rep" for himself. Charly attends strictly to business.

M. R. Williams has returned from St. Louis, whither he went to attend the National meeting of the U. B. F.

Don D. Wells, our celebrated local basso profundo, is shipping clerk at Hilderbrand & Fugate's hardware store.

J. B. Owens has the distinction of being the only colored druggist in Indiana. Mr. Owens is popular with all classes.

Dr. W. H. White, our popular dentist, can be found at the old Sentinel building, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons.

Dr. Wesley Robbins has a patronage which many older physicians would be proud of. His popularity is deserving, however, for he "sticks to his desk."

Mr. Felix Davis, as a plasterer and builder, has an enviable reputation. Though a young man comparatively, he has a large and growing business and his workmanship is of the first order. His annual business runs up into the thousands.

Mr. C. A. Webb, No. 222 South Meridian street, is one of the largest coal dealers in the city. He has a magnificent trade, mostly white, and conducts his business in the most approved manner. Aside from his coal and wood trade he has a large number of teams employed by the city. He owns a handsome residence and some choice woodland in Morgan county, and is pretty well off in this world's goods. He has a most excellent wife and daughter to share his fortune, and The Freeman points with pride to him as an example of what honesty, thrift and industry can do. Mr. Webb does a business of over $20,000 per year.

Mr. J. H. Baptist is probably the largest colored contractor and builder in the city. He is a Virginia product, and came to this city about twelve years ago moneyless but full of pluck and ambition. He was for a number of years "butler" in the family of Hon. John C. New, but finding that occupation not congenial to his tastes and incommensurate with his ability, he began as a cobler, doing general carpentering. This was six years ago. Since that time he has built some of the finest residences in the city and employs from twenty to thirty men regularly. Mr. Baptist owns several choice pieces of real estate and has a good bank account.

SCORE ONE FOR THE RACE.

Mr. R. W. Thompson Distances All Competitors in Civil Service Examination, and Is Appointed as Letter Carrier.

The Freeman is pleased to note a fact which our entire race should regard with pride and satisfaction. Mr. R. W. Thompson, of the county auditor's office, entered the recent civil service examination for the position of letter carrier in the local post office, and not only was the result creditable, but he achieved a signal triumph for himself and the race by taking first honors in a list of forty-one applicants, all white, with one exception. He was accordingly appointed to the place in question and will be assigned to a district as soon as the new arrangements are completed. Mr. Thompson is one of the most prominent and most deserving young men in this community, and by energy, pluck and persitance has won for himself an enviable reputation and popularity among all classes. He has been actively identified with every movement in literary and social circles, having for its object the elevation and advancement of the race. He is a close reader of political history, and has clearly defined views upon all questions of public economy, and possesses the courage to stand by his convictions without fear or favor.

In securing this appointment, Mr. Thompson has not only benefitted himself, but has won a laurel for his race, and has set an example which other young colored men would do well to amulate. The Freeman extends to Mr. Thompson its most hearty congratulations, and wishes him the highest degree of success in his new field of labor. It advises that he ever keep in mind the magnificent utterance of our chief magistrate—"A public office is a public trust"—and he cannot fail to acquit himself with credit.

The Conclave Coming.

The local commandery of Knights Templars are making great preparations for the conclave which takes place at Louisville, Ky., on the 14th of August. The two commanderies from Chicago will stop over here on the evening of the 13th, where a grand banquet will be given them by the local commandery. The Brotherhood band will furnish the music and a grand time is anticipated. Excursion rates will be furnished for $2.50 for the round trip to all who wish to attend.

THE SOCIAL WORLD.

The Devotees of Pleasure and What They are Doing---Peasonal Points, Etc.

Society is yet at a standstill, and while the present heated term lasts there seems little probability of release from this "innocuous desuetude." A number of the out-of-towns have returned, but others have gone, so relatively speaking, society is still abroad. It is hoped that these summer visits will lend culture and experience to our fair maidens, and that the improvement which travel and foreign intercourse must surely bring will serve to brighten and render more enjoyable the "at homes" of the coming season.

The only ripple in the calm social sea of the week was the outing at Broad Ripple Monday. The party was small and select, and was headed by the Misses Christy, Miss Sadie Stapps and others.

Another picnic is spoken of to be given at an early date under the auspices of the Misses Mary and Victoria Wilson. The reputation of these ladies as entertainers is a sufficient guarantee that the affair will be one of the events of the season.

Now that the ball has been set rolling it would be well for the young married ladies to organize an expedition for it seems to be an unwritten law of society that those who have adopted the marriage state are ineligible to affiliate with the circle of their anti-bridal days. "A word to the wise," etc.

Our people after attending camp-meeting for several weeks hail with great joy a return to "church" and it is probable that Bethel and Allen Chapel will be well filled on to-morrow morning. While the church is not strictly a social institution, by reason of our time-worn usages, its interests and those of society have become so interwoven that one is regarded as a natural companion of the other.

The public entertainments continue to be profusely advertised, and there will be no dearth of that kind of amusements for some weeks. Let us now review some

PERSONAL POINTS.

Miss Ida Webb has gone to St. Paul.

Mrs. Essie Thornton is visiting her aunt at Chicago.

Mr. King, of Greenfield, is spending a few days in the city.

Miss Georgia Nance has returned to her home in Evansville.

Miss Lillie Sanders will spend August, with relatives in Kentucky.

Miss Beulah Wright has returned from a pleasant trip to Knightstown.

W. H. Reynolds, an old Indianapolitan, is now located at Passadena, Cal.

Mrs. M. L. Thomas is erecting a cozy cottage for herself on North West street.

Mrs. Roxie Bell Jones has been suffering from a neuralgic attack, but is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Floyd and daughter, Miss Stella, will visit Columbus, O., in a few weeks.

Mr. Allen Taylor has recovered his usual health and resumes his duties at the State House.

Mrs. M. C. Turner left the city yesterday for Chicago where she will spend a month with friends.

"Dr." Chas. H. Stewart, after a visit of several weeks to his home in Vincennes, is with us again.

Miss Stella Roundtree is at home from a sojourn at Knightstown. Miss Nellie Knox has also returned from the same place.

Mrs. Georgia Marshall Porter has returned to this city where she will be joined by her husband in September next.

Messrs. Thomas T. Brown, of Springfield, Ill., and James M. Vena, of St. Louis, departed for their homes last Sunday.

Following the example of the "Frankie Cleveland Club" the Republican ladies have organized a "Carrie Harrison Club" with Mrs. Furniss as president and Mrs. S. A. Elbert as treasurer.

Mrs. Frank D. Welch is spending the summer at Springfield, Ohio. Her musical ability is winning golden opinions from the Ohioans. She is assisting the A. M. E. church choir at that place.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. A. L. Harang, of New Orleans, La., to Miss Emily T. Wilson, of this city. Mr. Harang is a wealthy planter of Louisiana and Miss Wilson is a fine musician and a lady of great social prominence, being the sister of Mrs. B. K. Bruce, of this city.

CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. M. Lewis will preach at Allen chapel as usual to-morrow, the camp meeting at Bruce's grove having closed.

Simpson chapel is still holding regular services, although the hot weather has greatly interfered with the attendance.

The teachers' meeting of Allen chapel has been changed from Wednesday evenings to Thursday evenings of each week.

The Sunday-school at Allen chapel is in better condition now than it has been for years. The attendance is large and the services interesting.

Considerable disappointment was expressed at the failure of Rev. John Jasper to appear in this city last Monday. His advance agent made specific terms with Rev. Carr and the blame is wholly with them.

Rev. J. E. Riley, formerly of Louisville, Ky., but late of Washington, D. C., has taken charge of the Ninth Presbyterian church temporarily. Rev. Riley is an able and eloquent minister and the church will do well to secure his services.

The excursion to North Salem last Sunday under the auspices of the Second Baptist church was a success in every regard. About eighteen coaches were crowded and the exercises were satisfactory to all. Rev. Carr succeeds in whatever he undertakes.

THE BRUCE CARR CLUB.

Is What the Young Colored Republicans Style It. The World Sat Upon.

The Young Men's Republican Club met at 163, Indiana avenue last Tuesday evening and added quite a number of new names to its membership list. This club is composed of young Republican who will cast their first vote in the coming election and the membership is restricted to this class. The purpose of the meeting in guestion was to receive new members and to adopt a name for the club. After the opening of the meeting a proposition was received from Hon. Bruce Carr—auditor of the State to donate to the club seventy-five uniforms for campaigns purposes which was accepted and in consideration of this fact the club decided to name itself the "Bruce Carr Club." At this juncture L. D. E, Christy whose trouble with Mr. Carr was mentioned in the last issue of The Freeman and who is a member of the club (although it is said he voted for Grant) strenuously objected to the clubs being called after Mr. Carr, and ventilated the personal difficulty between Mr. Carr and the World. The club wisely refused to take cognance of this matter and the motion to name it after Mr. Carr went through with a rousing majority. The World was beautifully sat upon. Messrs. Wm. Lewis, C. H. Stewart, A. T. Tyler, and John Carter who are at the head of the organization are determined that wrangles of a personal nature shall not be admitted into the deliberations of the club.

Mrs. Minnie Chisolm died at her residence on West North street last Saturday and was buried from the Second Baptist Church last Monday. She was nearly ninety-seven years old.

Presidential Candidates.

Below is a table in which are arranged the Presidential candidates of the two great parties—the first column of names giving the successful candidate, the other his unsuccessful opponent. It is a valuable tabulation of facts:

1789	George Washington	No opposition.
1792	George Washington	No opposition.
1796	John Adams	Thomas Jefferson
1800	Thomas Jefferson	John Adams
1804	Thomas Jefferson	C C Pinckney
1808	James Madison	C C Pinckney
1812	James Madison	De Witt Clinton
1816	James Monroe	Rufus King
1820	James Monroe	No opposition
1824	John Q Adams	Andrew Jackson
1828	Andrew Jackson	John Q Adams
1832	Andrew Jackson	Henry Clay
1836	Martin Van Buren	Wm H Harrison
1840	Wm Harrison	Martin Van Buren
1844	James K Polk	Henry Clay
1848	Zachary Taylor	Lewis Cass
1852	Franklin Pierce	Winfield Scott
1856	James Buchanan	John C Fremont
1860	Abraham Lincoln	S A Douglas
1864	Abraham Lincoln	G B McClellan
1868	U S Grant	Horatio Seymour
1872	U S Grant	Horace Greeley
1876	R B Hayes	S J Tilden
1880	James R Garfield	W S Hancock
1884	Grover Cleveland	James G Blaine

This table is made the subject of a good deal of figuring on Presidential possibilities. It is pointed out that three times therein is shown the renomination and success of the principal candidate who was defeated at the election next before. This happened in the instances of Jefferson in 1800, Jackson in 1828, and Harrison in 1840. Once, in the instance of Pinckney, in 1804 there was such a renomination and a repeated defeat.

On the other hand, the fact is equally patent that in seven cases there have been re-elections to the Presidency for a second term—in the instances of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant.

How to Eat a Watermelon.

Atlanta Constitution.

A watermelon, even though it be a 60-pounder, is not intended to be devoured in public, nor is one watermelon, no matter what its weight may be, more than enough for one healthy person. This fact is probably well known to every country school boy. The art of eating a watermelon and keeping cool is as simple now as it was in days of long ago. The rind should be slit with a short bladed knife, so that when the melon is devided the heart of it shall rest in one of the halves in one luscious, juicy lump. The knife should then be carefully wiped and then put in the pocket. Then the coat should be taken off and the sleeves rolled up. Plunge the right hand under one end of the heart and the left hand under the other; lift the dripping mass to the mouth and fall to. The juice will trickle down your arms and saturate your face. but what of it? There is plenty and to spare, though the feast is the rarest to be found on the earth.

At Her Tongue's End.

Time.

He: Of course, you are interested in politics?

She: Intensely.

He: Which side is going to win?

She: Well, judging from what I heard papa say last night, Mr. Delegate has got a run on his ahead ticket, and Mr. Convention, of Illinois, if he can carry the chairman of the gavel-box by a constituent, will——

He: Just watch Gordon play tennis!

An Excellent Substitute.

New York Sun.

Woman (to tramp)—Why don't ye buy your food 'stead o' beggin' it?

Tramp—Madam, I'm too poor to buy even toothpicks.

Woman—That so? What d'ye do for toothpicks?

Tramp—I have to use barbed wire fences.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR FAILING

The Once Great Order Said to Be Nearing Its Financial End.

Philadelphia special.

One of the greatest signs of the decay of the Knights of Labor is the slowness with which members respond to General Master Workman Powderly's cries for money to rebuild the once powerful organization. Prominent Knights assert that the present membership is 300,000, but the response to the recent 15 cent assessment asked by Mr. Powderly indicates that this estimate is far too large. It is predicted that the Knights will never live beyond the next year. In September, 1886, Mr. Powderly sent out an order for a 25 cent assessment upon all members. His nominal purpose was the establishment of a fund to be set apart for the support of members who were out of employment by reason of strikes or lockouts. It was explained to them that they need never want when they had $300,000 firmly locked up in the safes in Philadelphia. The fund never reached $115,000. Mr. Powderly knew well that it never would reach that amount, for the reason that the membership then was but 600,000, while he was calculating upon 1,200,000. This fund was turned into the general fund and helped to keep the general executive board out of the hands of the sheriff at the end of 1887. A large number of the members are congratulating themselves that they have reaped some benefit from the assessments. They were enabled to go to the General Assembly at Minneapolis in the poor condition of the finances at that time. Not one-half of them could have gone if their way had not been paid. In the Journal of United Labor Mr. Powderly has acknowledged the receipt of $3,000 for his education scheme. It is safe to say, however, judging from the past, that there will be no education. This is about all Mr. Powderly will get, unless he resorts to his old dodge of resigning. It is even hinted that now even this would scarcely wring out any more money.

Presbyterians and Evolution.

Indianapolis News

The Southern Presbyterians on Saturday "knocked out" evolution and Dr. Woodrow. For twenty years this gentleman has held the Perkins chair in the Columbia (S. C.) Theological Seminary where he has taught "natural science in connection with revealed religion," ahd he is regarded as one of the ablest men in the church. It got noised abroad some years ago that he had views on evolution not consistent with the position of the church, although he did not teach them to his students. The address on evolution, which was presented as the basis of the charge, was delivered before the Alumni Association of Columbia (S. C.) Theological Seminary on May, 7 1887. In 1886 the charge of heresy was tried before the Augusta Presbytery, and the defendant was acquitted. His prosecutor carried the matter to the Synod of Georgia, which reversed the action of he Presbytery, and now the General Assembly has confirmed the synod's position. In the Doctor's explation to the Trustees of the seminary:

He took the ground, in brief, that the body of a man descended from some animal, and at a certain point his Maker met it and breathed into it spirit. Eve came from no animal except Adam. Dr. Woodrow contends that he believes in every word of the inspired Scripture, is strict on inspiration and heresy, a follower of Calvin and adheres firmly to the standard of the Presbyterian Church. He said he thought the position he took in refreference to man "probably true." The trustees did not do their duty politely, and Dr. Woodrow left the seminary.

Dr. Woodrow is also a professor in the South Carolina University and edits a paper called the South Presbyterian, which is an individual enterprise.

It Wasn't His Party.

Detroit Free Press.

A dozen horsemen were busy for two hours yesterday raising a new telegraph pole on Seventh street. When they began digging the hole an old chap came along and inquired:

"Going to raise a pole, eh?"

"Yes."

"Guess I'll take it in. I allus did believe in opening the campaign early."

He sat down on the door step until the pole was up, and then, as some of the men were going away, he asked:

"Isn't there going to be any speeches?"

"We don't generally have any," replied the man, "but you can make one if you wish."

"Wouldn't it be putting myself forward?"

"No."

"Nobody engaged, eh?"

"No one."

"Say, you!" he continued as he squinted aloft, "which party is it?"

"The telegraph party."

"O, shucks? Somebody move we adjourn, for I don't vote that ticket."

Trade Tricks at Long Branch.

New York World.

A Washington market butcher, who has two branch stores here, said to the World correspondent:

"Talk about 'competition being the life of trade,' one has only to be in business one season at Long Branch to have an abiding faith in that old saying. Suppose we had a customer last season who lives in New York. We find out his town residence and the exact day and by what route the family will leave for the Branch. Our agents here are informed and told to be on the lookout. We have a carriage in waiting for them, and the moment they are espied they are politely asked to get into the carriage and told that they will be driven free of charge to their destination. Our business wagon will then pick up their baggage and follow. In nine cases out of ten we get their custom.

We pursue the same course as regards new arrivals. We have a carriage and a wagon at every train, and if we don't succeed in getting them into the carriage they are followed up to their very door, and it is no unusual sight to see three or four butcher carts and the same number of grocery and fish wagons arriving at a cottage as soon as the occupants do themselves. We have to do this in order to protect ourselves, for, if we waited for them to come to us, our business would be slim, indeed. It is the fashion here, and grows more so every year. The butcher, the baker, &c., play no mean part in making things lively at a thriving summer resort."

Diet for Consumptives.

Popular Science Monthly.

The appetite of consumptive patients is very capricious, and daily grows more so if it be not sharpened up by exercise. When the food taken is not applied to the purposes of nutrition it is better left untasted; for otherwise it lies undigested in the alimentary canal, and sets up a serious train of dyspeptic symptoms, nausea and diarrhœa. Kind friends often, with most provoking and mistaken good nature, thrust upon the consumptive relays of the most improper food, because the necessity for nourishment is so obvious. But the fact is that, when the lungs are acting indifferently, digestion cannot go on actively, since, as Arbuthnot well observed, respiration is "the second digestion." Hence the quantity of food taken by the consumptive person should be small at each meal; but the meals may, if the sensations of the patient require it, be more frequent than in health. Of animal food mutton is the best. Fatty and oily foods, which constitute the respiratory class, should predomiate, and fresh butter, with bread, may be taken almost ad libitum, so long as it agrees with the stomach. Cream, too, is excellent, and the luxury of curds and cream is very suitable. Milk, whenever it suits, is advisable as a complete drink-food.

The Largest Check Ever Drawn.

Philadelphia Press.

Speaking of large single checks, the largest ever given was by John D. Taylor, treasurer of the Pennsylvania railroad. It was drawn to the order of Lee, Higginson & Co., for $14,256,196, payable at the National Bank of Commerce in New York. It was in payment for the stock of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad held in Boston, and it required three weeks' circulation in order that the transfer of funds represented by the single piece of paper could be effected without disturbing the course of business and trade in the three greatest cities in the country. During the whole month previous to the issue of this check Mr. Taylor, of Philadelphia, was gathering in from bankers and brokers there and throughout Pennsylvania checks on New York bankers for any balance that might be due. Meanwhile Lee, Higginson & Co., in Boston, were collecting whatever drafts they could gather up for money due by New York houses to Boston, and thus this enormous sum was slowly transferred from Philadelphia to Boston without causing any stringency in the money market of either city.

Civil Service Examination.

Chicago Mail.

Does your mother know you are out? If not why not?

Suppose a Republican paper though lukewarm support of its party loses its grip and reduces from 3 to 2 cents—what then?

What is the matter with Ben Harrison?

Are you any good? If you are, why don't you set 'em up?

Were you born in this country? If so, what are you here for?

Show cause for breathing, if you are as you say, native born.

Taking the Safe Side.

New York Sun.

Mr. Isaacstein (at Coney Island)—Vas you bound to go in dot vater, Rebecca, mit dot dangerous undertow?

Mrs. Isaacstein—Ya, Jacob, vot for I puy myseluf a pathing suit?

Mr. Isaacstein (nervously)—Vell, Rebecca, you choost leave dose tiamond rings mit me.

TENOR and BASS DRUMS,

Torches, Lanterns,

Uniforms.

Campaign Goods

Of all kinds.

Send for price-list.

CHAS. MAYER & CO.

29 & 31 W. Wash. St.,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE FARM AND HOME.

Ducks and geese should never have access to a lawn. They pull the grass up by the roots.

Save the seed potatoes for next year by selecting from the most productive hills, and which are free from blemish.

Farmers who change their crops every time the market is low and go with the crowd into something new are almost sure to fail.

If kept hoed and all weeds and grass subdued, raspberries will continue to bear profitable crops from eight to fifteen years.

Do not mow the lawn grass close, as it may die out. The best time to mow is just after a heavy rain. If the roots are exposed to much during a dry season the lawn will be injured.

Professor Alvord has found that on the average a cow whose milking season begins late in the fall gives, under the same conditions, about 1,000 pounds more milk than one whose season begins in the spring.

Some bee-keepers are complaining that buckwheat honey doesn't pay. It is dark and unattractive in appearance and not a favorite in the market. First-class honey seems to be that from basswood and clover only.

Ornamental plants may be so arrangde as to spell words or represent forms, such as stars, crosses, hearts, etc., and the colors may be arranged to correspond. In this manner a very pretty effect may be given a flower garden.

Give the strawberry patch a good coating of manure now, and cultivate well between the rows. Next spring apply wood ashes. In this manner old plants may be revived and heavy crops secured.

Weak rose bushes may be made to grow by giving them an occasional watering of liquid manure. It should not be too strong. An application once a week is better than applying a large quantity at once. Always stir the soil after the ground becomes dry.

Grapes can be protected from the rot to a certain extent by scattering air-slaked lime over the vines and grapes every two or three weeks. If the ground be well limed after the grapes are harvested, and later in the season all leaves, grass and weeds burnt, with another application in the spring, the rot can be prevented. As the spores remain on the ground the use of the lime destroys them.

Where weeds have grown up in the garden to such a height that they cannot be plowed or spaded under, cut them down and let them dry. After they have been well dried apply fire and burn the surface of the ground over, which can be done with but little risk if a close watch is kept over the fire as it progresses. The advantage will be that the appearance of the ground will be better, the ashes will serve as a fertilizer, seeds of weeds prevented and thousands of insects destroyed, as well as saving labor in the garden next season.

There are many good remedies for the destruction of the cabbage worm. Kerosene is excellent, but it imparts its odor to the cabbage, which remains even until the cabbage is cooked. A sprinkling of pyrethrum over the plants is excellent but it only serves as a preventive, the difficulty being to reach the worm after it enters the cabbage. The white butterfly is the parent of the cabbage worm, and if a close watch be kept and every white butterfly destroyed, which is not difficult, by catching them, there will be no cabbage worms.

CANNING FRUITS.

Mrs. E. R. Parker in Louisville Courier-Journal

The season for canning being now at hand, we give some suggestions for doing the work that will be useful to the inexperienced.

The process of canning the different kinds of fruit differs but little except in the time required for cooking them and the quantity of sugar used.

None but perfectly sound, well ripened fresh fruits should be put up. They may be canned with or without sugar but we think that the use of a sugar adds greatly to the flavor.

For canning fresh fruits they should never be cooked sufficiently to destroy the natural flavor, thoroughly heating being all that is necessary. Air tight glass jars should be filled with the fruit while it is hot and then quickly sealed. The jars should be well heated before filling. After filling the jars and screwing on the tops, they should be set in a warm place, where the air will not strike them, until morning, when the tops may be screwed tighter. The jars may then be wiped and put in a cool, dark closet. They should be examined from time to time, and if any signs of fermentation are visible the fruit should be opened and recorked.

Large fruits, as soon as possible, should be thrown in cold water to prevent discoloring, and then boiled in clear water, to which may be added a little alum. When tender take up and boil five minutes in sirup. It is best to cook only enough to fill two or three jars at a time. The jars should be heated and everything in readiness as soon as the fruit has boiled. The work should be done as quickly as possible. Small fruits are improved by being sugared an hour or two before cooking. If a little alum is added to the sirup they will be clear and keep their shape.

If too much juice is in the kettle for the quantity of fruit to be canned, it may be used for jelly. If these directions are followed, success in canning will be sure.

TRADE AND LABOR.

Philadelphia Record.

A German manufacturer, instead of riveting the joints of boilers, welds them at a slightly greater cost.

At Port Townsend the Coast Seamen's Union has ordered a strike against a reduction from $40 to $35 per month.

The Cape Colony, South Africa, now has a population of nearly 1,500,000 people. The ship tonnage is almost 6,000,000 annually.

A Kansas City (Mo.) colored barber has been arrested, charged with fraud, for charging one man $1 for a shave and another $1.50 for a hair cut.

The boot-blacks of St. Joseph, Mo., have a union. The members wear a badge, and charge 10 cents a shine. The dues are 10 cents per week.

There are fifty co-operative stores in New England under the management of the Sovereigns of Industry. The yearly sales amount to 5,000,000.

Glass cutters and engravers (men) at Wheeling, West Va.; Bellaire, O; Bridgeport, O., and Martin's Ferry, O., get $2.25 and $2.50 a day, while girls at New Brighton, Pa., receive only $1.50 per day.

The material for straw hats is grown in the British possessions in North America and in Georgia and Alabama, Florida and South Carolina, but the stuff for the best hats, like the Panama, comes from the West Indies and along the Mexican and Central American coasts.

York, Pa., is said to have the greatest rag-carpet works in the United States. Six hundred women and girls make carpet rags, and there are one hundred weaves and spoolers.

The proprietors of the shoe factories in Beverly, Mass., have been compelled to move the plant in consequence of the competion of country-made goods, where cheaper wages are paid.

The mills of Manchester, N. H., are crowded with orders. The owners would like to run over time, and so would the hands, but the Legislature at its last session limited the hours for a day's work.

The International Bill Posters' Association held its annual convention at St. Louis some days ago. The association has an office in New York, where contracts can be made for sticking bills all over the country on the same day.

Thomas Evans, the labor speaker, has returned to Fall River from Philadelphia. He could not work there because of his trouble with the firms at home. Fall River operatives talk of presenting him with a purse. He is very poor.

Mrs. Barry, the woman organizer of the Knights, has this to say of the result of the employment of women in the Pittsburg iron and steel works: "Every woman who went to work in the iron industry threw a man out of employment, relegating him to the army of the unemployed, and mayhap by so doing compelling some other woman to leave her home, and, with one or two of her little ones seek employment to support the home that the man should have supported. Second, we all know that the environments of an iron works are not conducive to culture or refinement in woman, nor are its duties such as to insure good physical conditions, yet all those privileges that are beneficial and ennobling to women she must sacrifice because she has been found capable and faithful, while the mad race for wealth, which has entered the heart and soul of man, prevents him from doing her the justice of receiving for her labor that which he would without a murmur pay to a man. Yes, the venture has proved a success, but to whom?"

A Good War Story.

Said Congressman Cummings, of New York, at a recent Washington dinner: It was the night after Chancellorsville and they were trying to force us back into the Rappahannock at Banks's Ford. It was a nasty night, very dark, and the bullets were dropping around with rather too much persistency for comfort. As I stooped down to bring the heads of any rebs who might be in view against the horrison, I saw a ragged cap outlined against the sky. The silhouette was strong enough for me to see that both cap and wearer were rebs, and that they were inside our lines. Calling a comrade, I waited until Johnny Reb was quite close, and, stepping up, one on each side, we made him a prisoner. He was a queer specimen. On his back was a knapsack of untanned hide, and boots of the same style hung from his belt. We took him into camp, and all sat around a while. The reb was moody and melancholly. His capture evidently greatly affected him. Finally I said to him: "Look here, don't feel so badly. You'll be traded in a day or so, and it will be all right." The words only served to increase his grief, and he, bursting into tears, blubbered: "I wouldn't er cared so blame much if this hadn't er tuk place so blame sudden. Yer see, Yank, I've er been fighten near two years for promotion, an' tomorrer I wuz ter been made corporal. It's too dog-gone bad to be tuk like this jess before I was promoted." Here he cried like a baby. Well, we didn't think the fellow was any coward. He had just set his heart on promotion, and it was nearly broken by his capture. We talk the matter over, and it ended in half burying the reb in the leaves, and leaving him there to get back in the best way he could to his promotion. We had determined that he should have that corporalship if we could help him to it.

JAPANESE MARRIAGE.

The Manner in Which the Joyous Event is Celebrated.

Louisville Commercial

The recent Japanese marriage in this city has caused some discussion as to the marriage rites performed in the native land of the Jap. T. Shimoka of the Japanese Village of the Exposition gives the following: The marriage is preceded by the ceremony of betrothal, at which all the members of the two families are present. It often happens that the two parties concerned then for the first time are informed of the intention of their parents with regard to them. From this time the couple are allowed to see each other on every opportunity. Visits, invitations, presents, preparations for furnishing their future home, and the betrothed are soon satisfied with their approaching future.

The wedding generally takes place when the bridegroom is over twenty years old and the bride in her seventeenth year or over. The morning of the appointed day the groom dresses and the toilet articles of the bride are carried to the bridegroom's house and arranged in the room appointed for the ceremony. Among the many decorations the small table supports figures representing long life, such as the stork and turtle, supposed to live longer than any other creatures. In the evening a splendid procession enters the hall, headed by the young wife, clothed and veiled in white silk, escorted by two bridesmaids, and followed by a crowd of relatives and neighbors; also friends in full costume, glittering with brocaded scarlet and embroidery. The two bridesmaids and two or three young girls who are the friends of the bride volunteer for the service, wearing the same costume, perform the honors of the house, arrange the guests, and flutter from one place to another to see that all are made comfortable. Among the objects displayed in the middle of the circle of guests there is a deep saucer of soft ware made for the occasion. It has a metal vase which is turnished with two spouts and elegantly adorned with artificial flowers. At a given signal one of the bridesmaids fills the vase with "shake," a queer liquid poured into the saucer. The bride drinks one-half of the liquid and the bridegroom drinks the other half. After this everybody is invited to the dining room, where the "best man" sings the happy song and serves out the great dinner to all. With the exception of certain Buddhist sects and Christians, a priest or clergyman never takes part in the celebration. The person known as the best man acts as priest and performs the marriage ceremony. The next day after the marriage follows a festival given by the police officer who has given permission for the nuptials. He then places the newly married couple on his list.

CURED OF MALARIA.

22 FLORIDA ST., ELIZABETH, N. J.
March 17, 1884.

I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for the last five years. Some two years ago, after having been sick for upwards of six months with malaria, I found myself with an enlarged spleen, dyspeptic, and constantly troubled with a headache, and my kidneys did not act very well either. Having spent most of my money for medicine and medical advice, I thought to save expenses I would use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, two on the small of my back, one on the spleen or ague cake, and one on the pit of the stomach, just under the breastbone. I continued using the Plasters about thirty days, changing them every week. At the end of that time I was perfectly well, and have remained so ever since. GEORGE DIXON.

The Silent Partner.

New York Sun.

"What's that awful racket in the back yard?" inquired a customer of one of the clerks. "Somebody trying to yell the roof off?"

"It's the silent partner, sir; the firm is after him for more money."

"Yes; I shall break the engagement,' she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite the charming." Of course, it cured his catarrh.

Keeps Pegging Away.

"Pa," inquired a little boy, "does Satan ever go to Europe for a summer vacation?"

"No, my son," replied the old gentleman; "Satan stays at home and attends to business."

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

A writer in Farm and Fireside has an article on "Economy in Fencing." It should tell a man—with a sword in his hand—how to save his wind.

Prickly Ash Bitters is an unfailing cure for all diseases originating in biliary derangements caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries. No other medicine now on sale will so effectually remove the disturbing elements and at the same time tone up the whole system. It is sure and safe in its action.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggis sell it. 25c.

A French electrician says he will soon be able to produce a thunder-storm whenever demanded and in the district desired. We are obliged now to depend upon the Sunday-school picnic and the circus to produce our thunder-storms. They seldom fail, but too often they are not on hand when wanted.

The New Prize Story

is eagerly sought for, read with pleasure or disappointment, is then tossed aside and forgotten. But ladies who read of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, read it again, for they discover in it something to prize—a messenger of joy to those suffering from functional derangements or any of the painful disorders or weaknesses peculiar to their sex. Periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, readily yield to its wonderful curative and healing powers. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The Hebrews of New York city have doubled in number since 1880.

Remarkable Surgery.

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times, that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumotony, that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this deilcate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chances of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible malady, by removing its cause and healing the lungs.

A Mangled Sharpshooter.

New York Sunday Democrat.

F. O. Young, the California representative of the Sharpshooters' union, Newark, N. J., is a Maine man, with one eye and one hand. His father accidentally chopped his right hand when he was a small boy and his mother knocked his right eye out whipping him for getting inside of his grandfather's clock. He never traveled on a railroad without an accident of some kind happening. He has been mauled by wild cats, hugged by bears, bitten by rattlesnakes, thrown from broncho ponies a hundred times, frozen so often that he has become accustomed to it. He was struck by lightning and had both feet shattered, and has been gored by a Durham bull. Mr. Young, in modestly relating his experience, said "he was beginning to be afraid that something serious might happen to him some day." Mr. Young was one of the successful competitors and won a gold and silver medal and numerous other prizes. He is the finest pistol shot on the Pacific coast, and is also recognized as the champion left-handed penman of the world.

This is the Niagara Falls Tour Which Is Bound to Please.

VIA THE COOL NORTHERN ROUTE.

It leaves Indianapolis Tuesday, Aug. 14, via the "Old Reliable" C., H. & D., to Toledo, thence via Michigan Central to Detroit and through Canada to Niagara Falls, reaching there for breakfast Wednesday morning. Pullman Palace Sleepers, reclining chair cars and elegant coaches will run through without change. Wednesday will be spent at the falls. Thursday has been set apart for the Toronto side trips, which will be made by special train leaving Niagara Falls at 7:30 a. m., connecting at Niagara (twelves miles distant) with special steamer for a delightful ride of forty miles across Lake Ontario, arriving in Toronto for dinner and allowing five hours for sight-seeing and shopping. Boat leaves on return trip at 4:45 p. m., supper on the boat, reaching falls at 8 p. m. The excursion proper will leave the falls for the return trip at 9 p. m., Thursday, (but those desiring may remain until Friday night,) arriving in Toledo for breakfast Friday morning. From Toledo another delightful side trip is arranged. Steamer Chief-Justice Waite, leaving Toledo at 8:30 a. m., for Put-in-Bay Island, reaching there for dinner. Put-in-Bay is one of the loveliest resorts in America, finest of fishing, boating, bathing and other attractions. Those who go to Put-in-Bay will have the limit of their tickets extended so as to enable them to spend Sunday at the island. It is impossible to give in this space all of the attractive feaures of this grand tour, but circulars cnotaining full details will be mailed on application. Our patrons may rest assured that every promise will be faithfully carried out. Special hotel rates have been secured at the falls, Toronto and Put-in-Bay and the excursion will be accompanied by W. H. Fisher, general agent, who will be pleased to answer questions and look to the comfort of passengers. Round trip to the falls only $5,00, side trips, $1.00 each. W. H. FISHER, Gen. Agt.
Corner Ill. St. and Ky. Ave.,
Indianapolis.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DePauw University

GREENCASTLE, IND.

Session begins September 17th. Schools of Law, Theology, Music, Art, Normal School and Preparatory, beside the Asbury College. Expenses very moderate. Send for Catalogue.
A. MARTIN, President.

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

Copperheads.

A. Boyd, of Elizabeth, Pa. while putting up clover hay last week was in the act of raising a forkful over his head when he felt something drop over his shoulder. Examination proved that it was a copperhead snake measuring 3 feet 10½ inches long by 4 inches around the body. Mr. Boyd dispatched his snakeship without delay. Just then he heard the women calling lustily from the house and hurried home to see what was alarming the ladies, when he found them battling with another copperhead, which he proceeded to slay. About bedtime Mr. Boyd was ready to retire, having removed his shoes for that purpose when he thought of an errand to the kitchen. The room was dark and as he entered he felt something strike him on the lower end of his pantaloons, Mr. Boyd, feeling that the vicinity was snaky that day, called for a light, and when it came, another copperhead was discovered fastened by its fangs in the leg of his pants. It is needless to say that this snake speedily went the way which all snakes should go.

The body of a man dressed in female clothing was found floating in the lake at Chicago the other day. Another mugwump gone. When the mugwumps begin to grow despondent, Grandmother Georgiana Wilhelmina Curtis should be closely watched.—Peoria Transcript.

Of the profession pugilistic, the kidneys are small but active in a state of health. Their secretion contains impurities productive of rheumatism, gout and dropsy, if allowed to remain. When they are inactive, the blood becomes choked with animal debris capable of destroying life. To promote their activity when sluggish with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only to guard against the diseases mentioned, but to prevent the fatty degeneration and ultimate destruction of the organs by those exceedingly dangerous maladies—Bright's disease and diabetes. Activity of the bladder also insures it against the formation of gravel, which it sometimes requires one of the most dangerous and painful operations in surgery to remove. Gravel, moreover, is a most agonizing complaint. The Bitters further commend themselves by remedying constipation, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and nervousness, and nullify influences productive of malarial disease.

With defaulters it is fly-time at any season of the year.

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened. The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was induced to take a bottle Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me right up so that I was soon able to resume work. I recommend it to all." D. W BRATE, 4 Martin Street, Albany, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

"The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at $1.00 a bottle.

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

Stomach, Liver and Bowels

—TAKE—

PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

[illegible] CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, ETC. PRICE, 25 cents.
PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Know All Men;

To wit: Teachers, preachers, public speakers, actors, singers, lawyers, "and the rest of mankind," that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered the best preparation ever discovered to heal and strengthen the vocal organs, weakened or injured by over-strain.

Principal Samuel Bement, of the Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe colds and throat affections, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments."

"I should be unable to perform my clerical duties, without the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes Rev. A. C. Kirk, of Hillsville, Pa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Silk and Satin Ribbons FREE!
LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU

A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best! Every lady knows and appreciates, the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, handy for the thousand and one tasty and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would create a large bill of expense, and therefore debars a great many from indulging their tastes in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of Silk and Satin Ribbon Remnants of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away free; nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for all the ladies; beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely free. We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely, varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. How to get a box containing a Complete Assortment of these elegant ribbons Free. The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion, published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75 cts. per year; send 35 cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will also send free a box of the ribbons; 2 subscriptions and 2 boxes, 65 cts.; 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes, $1. One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than $1. Get 3 friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only $1; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact:—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay the full price for it; it is in after years, and not now, that we make money. We make this great offer in order to at once secure 250,000 new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known; you will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better cut this out, or send at once, for probably it won't appear again. Address,
H. HALLETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, PORTLAND, MAINE.

(Established 1850.) INDIANAPOLIS (Reorganized 1885)

BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

North Pennsylvania St., Opp. Postoffice.

REDMAN, HEEB & OSBORN, Principals and Proprietors.

Best facilities for Business, Short-hand, Penmanship, English and Actual Business Training. Individual instruction. Educate for profit—least expensive in time and money. Attractive City. Graduates hold lucrative positions. A strictly business school. Open all year. Enter now. Write to us.

ELEGANT CATALOGUE, FREE.

WE SELL ALL AMERICAN

BICYCLES.

And guarantee LOWEST PRICES.
A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, O.
Largest retail stock in America.

52 in	OTTO,	factory price	$60.00,	our	price	$40.00
50 in.	"	"	"	55.00,	"	"	35.00
48 in.	"	"	"	50.00,	"	"	33.00.
46 in.	"	"	"	45.00,	"	"	30.00.
44 in.	"	"	"	40.00,	"	"	27.00.

Order quick. Also 250 second-hand Wheels. Repairing & Nickeling. Bicycles & Guns taken in trade.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

DR. WINCHELL'S
Teething Syrup
FOR CHILDREN

Regulates the bowels, assists dentition, cures diarrhœa and dysentery in the worst forms, cures canker sore mouth, is a certain preventive of diphtheria, quiets and soothes all pain, invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects all acidity, and gives energy and tone to the entire system. Sold by all druggists at 25 cts per bottle.
EMMERT PROPIETARY CO., Chicago, Ill.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

GLEK A harmless, positive and permanent Recuperative of Failing Manhood, and Strong Nerve and Blood Food. $1 per bottle. Sold by druggists. GLEK CO., 33 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

INU 31-38 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this Paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CINCINNATI JULY 4th to OCT. 27th

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY

GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.

NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.

EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College!

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE and ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL. Is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the LARGEST IN THE WORLD! Full information, Catalogue, terms, etc., sent FREE. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, Proprietors, Chicago, Ill.
We recommend this college to our readers. Mention this paper when you write.

PAINT YOUR BUGGY for ONE DOLLAR

Paint Friday, run it to Church Sunday. The original and only reliable is COIT & CO'S ONE-COAT BUGGY PAINT. Warranted not to crack, blister, peel, or turn white and to wear at least one year. Eight Fashionable Shades. No Varnish necessary. Dries hard with a "shine." Indispensable to Farmers, Livery-Men, and Repair-Shops. Will deliver, free of expense, enough to paint your Buggy upon receipt of One Dollar. COIT & CO. Mfrs. CHICAGO, Illinois